

SUNDAY SERVICE.

DIL CHICHESTER AT THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Dr. Fay Talks About Money at the Grand Opera House—An Eloquent Sermon at the Park-Street Congregational Church Yesterday.

At the First Presbyterian Church yesterday morning, Rev. W. J. Chichester preached to a very large audience on the subject of "Christ's Tears." So large was the attendance that in addition to a number of chairs in the aisles being occupied, a number of people had to stand. The speaker took his text from John xi., 25: "Jesus wept."

"This least of all verses in the Bible is in some respects the most wonderful and significant; and as it stands here by itself in all its undorned simplicity, any attempt to explain or expand it would at first sight seem almost superfluous, a good deal like an attempt to gild the sunshine or paint the blue sky. Yet, if we consider it, it contains in some respects, it contains precious and important truths which come within the comprehension of us all. Christianity is about the only religion that received a God capable of tears, and other religions have dwelt upon the power and grandeur of their divinities, and depicted them altogether devoid of human sensibilities. The gods of the old mythologies were generally represented as strong, free-spirited, living joyful, tranquil lives untroubled by any care, and coming down to earth only as occasional visitors bent upon selfish amusement or agreeable adventures. That the early religions it is received for Christians also did not have such a conception of a God in tears. For no system of merely human origin has ever produced the wonderful spectacle as here depicted in the words of the text."

"We have three recent gospel records of our Saviour's weeping, and yet while this tender emotional aspect of our Lord's character is thus so frequently referred to in the New Testament, it is not as strongly emphasized in these days as it ought to be; for we are told that the Saviour in the early church it was different. In all the old European galleries the paintings of Christ which appear most frequently are those which represent him as suffering and throned over the sheep of his flock; and while we have no desire to see Christianity return to the old gloom of past centuries, yet I do feel it will be a sad day for the Church when it loses sight of the Lord's tears, or when tears shall have lost for us their original impressiveness and significance."

The inferences the speaker drew from the text were the reality of Christ's humanity, from the fact that his tears proved that he possessed a human nature; the statement that he was neither a deified man nor a humanized God, for his godhead is altogether a godhead, and his manhood altogether a manhood, so that was it truly a man who did not partake of the divinity, was it in his person. He not only wept, but ate, drank, hungered and got weary, and possessed as real and substantial a body as any of us possess today. Martin Luther, once asked what he had to do with the world, replied: "I must be born again, for I am not yet a Christian." And so it was just in the assertion of Christ that no man can come to the Father except through him. Another thought was the depth and breadth of Christ's sympathy. Jesus wept with compassion, but not alone for himself, for he wept. Their sorrow was but a rift opening into the deep, fathomless abyss of the whole world's wretchedness, and as he sympathized with them he thought also of the great multitude of Marthas who in every generation would be in similar circumstances."

The speaker then touched upon every phase of the wickedness and woes of the world, and of the few efforts put forth to ameliorate this condition of things, and then finished his discourse with the words of the prophet: "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep night and day"—weep as the Lord did at the Bethany grave and over against Jerusalem.

Park-Street Church.

The Rev. E. R. Brainerd delivered an eloquent sermon yesterday morning at the Park-Street Congregational Church, taking for his text, Ecccl., ix., 10-11: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; but God will bring thee unto judgment."

Wise Old King Solomon speaks with a tender voice to the youth of today. His warning words come echoing down the ages from those far-off, dreamy times of wealth and wisdom, of glory and renown. He could warn wisely, for he had experienced all the young man's ways. Upon the wise old sage every opportunity of self-indulgence, riches without measure, dominion and power. Free scope to follow the desires of his youthful heart. Absolute liberty to indulge every impulse. Every passion gratified. Every wish fulfilled. All the world's joys. He yielded to the solicitations of his lustful life, till he rolled, in carnal joy and with his 700 strange wives and heathen temples became a monster of idolatry and shame, of wickedness and sin.

We know the sad story of his life. How in his old age he sat down to mourn in bitterness the follies of his wasted youth, brilliant opportunities forever gone! We remember him as a bold, daring, dashing man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheeze thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes." Well he knew that the young were bound to them such pleasant advice. How well would he have cheered them with a jolly lime! Ah! the old king knew! He'd had boys, and he'd been a boy himself. He knew how the young much prefer to walk according to the desire of their hearts. He knew they were there were many impulsive of their inexperienced lives! How slow they were to be guided by the instructions of wiser years. He had not forgotten what all ought to remember, how easily he was won over by the things which were pleasing in his eyes. He remembered however easily he and his young comrades were led away by the superficial attractions of the world. He knew how it was with "the boys" of his times; and he knew how it is with many young men today.

A close analysis of his writings begets the conviction that he had a profoundly experimental knowledge of young men. How shrewdly he comes at the understandings of the young hearted! Dashing, dashing man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheeze thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes." Well he knew that the young were bound to them such pleasant advice. How well would he have cheered them with a jolly lime! Ah! the old king knew! He'd had boys, and he'd been a boy himself. He knew how the young much prefer to walk according to the desire of their hearts. He knew they were there were many impulsive of their inexperienced lives! How slow they were to be guided by the instructions of wiser years. He had not forgotten what all ought to remember, how easily he was won over by the things which were pleasing in his eyes. He remembered however easily he and his young comrades were led away by the superficial attractions of the world. He knew how it was with "the boys" of his times; and he knew how it is with many young men today.

It is a joy to know that many of the young men in our midst have profited by wise instruction, and are seeking to abide in that better part that can never be taken from them. Nevertheless, it is a sad fact that throughout the country, at least, the vast majority of young men ignore the instructions of wiser years, and by the giddy indulgence and extravagant sinfulness of their times are preparing to repeat the misfortune of the sons of Noah when they too, shall come face to face with the final judgments of God. So true is this that it has become one of the burning questions of the day. What can be done to save the young men of our land to train them to lives of high and holy usefulness, and to gather them into the fold of God?

Great and mighty is the task! Glorious may be the results.

Mother and father, citizens and friends, where you are with the best of the people are seeking for divine strength to support into the Nation? In what school are they preparing for the privileged life of our high civilization? Many of them will be found at the hour of world's need around the hotels and bar-rooms of the city, smoking, drinking and gambling the time

away. Some will be found sleeping off the effects of Saturday night's carouse. You can't catch coots by throwing stones at them, and you can't catch young men by floundering the cold machinery of gospel truth. The world is true, and we are to profit by the wisdom of the ancient kings and learn to cleanse their ways by taking heed thereto according to God's holy word. But there must be young times for young hearts, young ways for us to live. They must have room to move, to express themselves and to grant legitimate expression for their youthful activities. We must learn to fight error with truth, evil with righteousness, wrong places of resort with right amusements, drawing the young by the cords of love into happy fellowship with the ways that are right. For remember the words of the Lord Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye have seen it done unto me, do ye also unto my brethren." And when he shall be at last the summons: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Rev. Eli Fay.

Rev. Eli Fay of the Church of the Unity preached to a large audience yesterday morning at the Opera-house on "Purchasing Power; or, the Moral and Spiritual Significance of Money," taking for his text the eighth and ninth verses of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, "What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle and sweep the house, and seek earnestly till she find it?" And when he had found it, she saith unto her friends and neighbors together, saying, "Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost."

Can a good reason be given why the woman is grieved at her loss, except that it was to her a vital matter, for she knew that with that piece of silver she was to it last farthing's value, independent, as we use the word. Money is simply purchasing power, the symbol of all material values, recognized expression of the things. Over the vast realm of purchasable things it is supreme. It is therefore the one great stimulant to enterprise, and it is more and more highly prized as the world improves in the sense of increasing purchasing power.

And yet nothing is more common than complaints that money is power. That he who hasn't it is unable to do that which he who has it can do. But we might as well complain that knowledge is power. Is there any evidence that money is power? It is often represented to be, a necessary evil, a symbol or concentration of corruption, a foe to morality and all right-mindedness, a curse which it brings with it. It is a necessity of our well-being, the power without which a man goes at once to the wall, and nothing would tend so directly to a wiser use of it as correct ideas in regard to its predetermined influence over all human affairs.

San Fernando defies competition in the citrus fruit lands. She does anybody to find a scale-leaf in the valley or a finer climate anywhere. It would pay to go and see the old mission, even if one does not want land. Recollect water in quantities desired by purchasers guaranteed and shown to be already flowing.

Grand Excursion to Tulare. November 21st, 1887. A half hour's ride from San Fernando to Tulare. Lands second to none in the State. For fruits for one-third price asked here. Full particulars and tickets at Tulare headquarters, 8 South Port street. F. H. Wales, agent.

Mr. Dr. Weiss, Woman Specialist,

The first lady licentiate of Kentucky, many years of successful practice in prolapsus uteri, ulceration, leucorrhœa, ovarian diseases, iritis, &c. A graduate of the University of Louisville, and has been in California since 1884. From the first treatment. No. 841. Spring street.

The boom is now in the Hafem tract. Lots on the new car line on Central avenue, 2400 feet southwest of new S. P. R. R. depot. Call at the World Real-Estate office, 27 West Second street and take a free ride to the tract.

Tulare has the highest waterfall in the world ("Shoshone," 5000 feet altitude).

Tulare has a canon rivaling the famous Yosemite (See Hieron's famous painting, "Canon of the Kern").

E. Adam's Clothing House, 512½ will buy all black or black corkscrews overcoat; full value, \$20. Call 15 South Spring street.

Notary Public and Commissioner, New York State and Arizona Territories, G. A. Dobinson, 25 Main street, upstairs.

Eastern people say Noble's hulled corn is the cheapest and most healthy dish.

R. E. D'AROIS.

WALTER L. WEBB

D'AROIS & WEBB,

Rosecrans Improvement Co.,

Rooms 8 and 9, Wilson Block.

24 West First St., Los Angeles.

Legal.

Proposals.

Ontario Land and Improvement Co.

THE UNDERSIGNED HOLDERS AND OWNERS OF THE CAPITAL STOCK OF THE ONTARIO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, having a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars, and a value of one hundred dollars each, and having its principal place of business in the city of Los Angeles, and the county of Los Angeles, State of California, do hereby consent in writing to the removal of the principal place of business of said corporation from said city of Los Angeles and the county of San Bernardino, to Ontario, in the county of San Bernardino, State of California.

Dated at Los Angeles, September 26, 1887.

NAMES OF STOCKHOLDERS. NO. OF SHARES.

D. McFarland..... 350

H. L. Macmillan..... 350

H. L. Macmillan..... 350

H. T. Stoddard..... 500

Lymon Stewart..... 575

S. P. Fischer..... 500

Charles Francklin..... 500

5075

OFFICE OF ONTARIO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, OCTOBER 26, 1887.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, of a resolution of the Board of Directors of Ontario Land and Improvement Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, having a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars, and a value of one hundred dollars each, and having its principal place of business in the city of Los Angeles, and the county of Los Angeles, State of California, passed at a meeting of said Board, held at its office in the city of Los Angeles, on the 26th day of October, 1887; and of the consent of the stockholders, two-thirds of the holders of the capital stock of said corporation now on file in the office of the Board, the principal place of business of said corporation will on the 15th day of November, 1887, be removed from the city of Los Angeles, in the county of San Bernardino, and transferred thereto from the town or place called Ontario, in the county of San Bernardino, State of California.

S. P. HILDRETH, President.

Secretary, Ontario Land and Improvement Company.

CARRIE M. ALVORD, JULIUS B. ALVORD, Executors of the last will of Alvin W. Alvord, deceased.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF ALVIN W. ALVORD, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Alvin W. Alvord, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit the same, in the office of the executors, at room 15, Temple block, Los Angeles, California, on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, at 10 o'clock A.M.

Notice is hereby given that the executors of the last will of Alvin W. Alvord, deceased, will on the 15th day of November, 1887, be removed from the city of Los Angeles, in the county of San Bernardino, and transferred thereto from the town or place called Ontario, in the county of San Bernardino, State of California.

Dated this 1st day of November, 1887.

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DIRE DISASTER.

A Crowded Steamer Sunk Off Dover, England.

One Hundred and Forty of the Passengers and Crew Drowned.

The Disaster Caused by a Collision in a Dense Fog.

The Vessel Sank Almost Immediately—Harrowing Scenes Among the Passengers—The Captain Sticks to His Post and Goes Down with the Ship.

By Telegraph to The Times.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] The Dutch steamer W. A. Scholten, Capt. Taat, which left Rotterdam yesterday for New York, was sunk by collision with the steamer Rosa Mary of Hartlepool at 11 o'clock last night, ten miles off Dover. The Scholten carried a complement of 320 passengers and crew. The steamer Ebro of Sunderland rescued ninety of the crew and passengers and landed them at the Sailors' Home at Dover. One hundred and forty of the passengers are missing. Five passengers and a child of the party brought to Dover were found dead from exposure. It is hoped that passing vessels have rescued the missing ones. The W. A. Scholten's masts are visible from the Dover pier. Boats have left Dover bound in all directions, for the purpose of saving life and property if possible. The Rosa Mary is anchored off Ramsgate with her bows in.

RECOVERING THE BODIES.

Up to this hour twenty-two bodies from the Scholten have been landed at Dover. The Scholten left Rotterdam on Saturday morning. At the time of the accident a dense fog prevailed. The Scholten was proceeding at a moderate rate of speed. Immediately after the shock was felt the Scholten's passengers, all of whom had retired for the night, rushed on deck in their nightgowns. Boats were promptly lowered and rowed out. It was found that out of two were available, three others were useless, and were not lowered. The water rushed swiftly through the hole in the bow, and

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Burning of the Steamer Telephone Near Astoria—The Vessel Beached in Season to Save the Passengers.

By Telegraph to The Times.

PORTLAND (Ore.), Nov. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] A dispatch from Astoria, Ore., this evening furnishes full particulars of the burning of the new and splendid stern-wheel steamer Telephone. The boat was on the way from Portland to Astoria and had almost reached the latter place when the discovery was made that she was on fire. Fortunately for the passengers, of whom over sixty were on board, the steamer was near the upper end of the town when the fire broke out. The flames were first seen on the lower deck, near the oilroom. The fire spread with wonderful rapidity, owing to the inflammable nature of the boat. Captain Scott, finding the flames gaining very fast, suddenly turned the prow of the steamer toward the shore, and ran at full speed on the beach. The passengers acted with great coolness and lessened the risk of being burned to death. Every man, woman and child got ashore without injury, except one man, who is fatally burned. Only three minutes elapsed from the first discovery of the fire until the boat was beached.

The Telephone made the best run ever accomplished between Portland and Astoria, and was considered one of the fastest stern-wheel boats in the world. The original cost of the steamer was \$30,000. She is insured for \$30,000. In less than thirty minutes from the beginning the elegant steamer was burned to the water's edge. The passengers lost all their baggage, personal effects, etc. The steamer was the opposition boat to the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's steamer.

BEEF-CANS ON THE NILE.

They Become Objects of Terror to the Hungry Hippopotamus.

By Telegraph to The Times.

There is nothing much more useless, to the eye of hippo-seekers than a Chicaca-beef-tin, after it has been opened and a hole made in the other end of it in order that the mass of muscle and fat may slide out in such wise that it can be eaten more or less roughly into slices. The banks of old father Nile were for months in the winter of 1884-5 strewn with these tins, of capacities varying from two to six pounds.

As the river fell these even became a danger, for lying half or more than half hidden in the slime and ooze (on what is known as the "Nile mud") they would scatter his bray, and shortly come to harvest), he would jagged edges out many a naked foot. Above Halfa, however, "the careless Ethiopian," for so the prophet Ezekiel describes the people of the land, caring for only one thing, his crops, soon found a use for the beef tins. He would take one, and if there was not already a hole in the smaller end, he would make it. Then he would take some palm fiber and a piece of mid-rib of a palm branch, and knot them until he had the tin suspended.

Now he could find a long palm, and with a finer piece of palm fiber he would tie the stone in the middle and fix it about half way up in the can. Then he would take a great palm leaf and strip it of its leaflets. The larger end he would fix firmly in the ground about the middle of his ridge of grain, and from the smaller end he would hang the Chicaca tin, the weight whereof would bend the palm stem like a brass rod when a five-pounder is on the hook. The slightest breath of air would move the can to and fro; the stone would act as a clapper against the metal sides, and there was a complete, screaming, and suspicious appearance of which no bird would face.

But this was not the only end or service of the device. Field mice and vermin generally would give it a wide berth, and it was also found that more damaging animals still were kept away by it. A hippopotamus, landing on the cultivated bank, eats a great deal and destroys a hundred times as much as he eats. But no hippopotamus having any respect for himself was ever found to venture into a patch which was defended by a Chicaca can, the monotonous clangor of which, as it swayed in the prevalent northerly breeze, might well have affrighted a crocodile himself.

The Emir of Bokhara Lives.

(Pal Mall Gazette.)

The correspondent of the St. Petersburg *Vedomosti* has published an account of his reception by the Emir of Bokhara. The emir, the author says, is very tall and luscious, being only shown in costly pets and the presence of a large staff of servants. The walls are not decorated. In the audience hall there were two wardrobes for great state occasions, each containing a marble statue of Psyche. A long table occupied the center of the dining-room, covered with a red silk cloth. Lockets in turbans served the Bokhara visitors with green tea in China cups, and the Russian guests were invited to break tea with the emir. After tea dinner was served consisting of soup and eggs. The Emir, on ascending the throne, disposed of all the valuable presents from the Russian court.

A THRILLING SCENE.

Mr. Appleby, one of the passengers saved in the shipwreck, died last night, and was buried in the cemetery. The vessel was then settling down by the head, and the excitement was at its worst. I had hardly time to look around me before the vessel listed over to port side, throwing the passengers and crew together on that side of the vessel. Most of the boats were then worthless. The boats on the port side were swung out and lowered, but the other six were used

THE BURRO.

Arizona Historian on the History and Usefulness of the Burro.

Burro is the Spanish name for the animal, and English is a corruption of the term itself (burro). The people were exceedingly poor (although poor) and the only luxury they could indulge in to any extent was borrowing. But the people had in fact nothing but asses and rosaries, and as they must borrow the former being constantly in demand became such common objects of borrowing that the beast finally took the name of the custom, and fell heir to its name and its burro.

We should wish that a more expressive and correct term than either burro or ass had been applied to the animal. As they perambulate our streets daily and hourly, loaded to the muzzle with their burdens of wood or small boys, with their ears erect and their countenances suffused with a perfect glow of deep study and concentrated inquiry into the nature and origin of this world, we have sometimes thought they deserved a better name. We look among all the beasts here, and we think we find none "more fit and worthy of commendation as the burro." He is the symbol of the wants of the poor. His original price is small, and he costs nothing to keep. Pasture, which, from its barrenness, would give a sound horse the staggers, and cure a mule of kicking, will produce contentment in the bosom of the burro, and he will grow fat on cold adobe walls made with straw.

But the most pleasing feature of this docile creature in his humility, his meekness and his submissiveness. Whether he gets these qualities from his master, who gives him his godlike burden, over the spread garments and a large lion have started across the country toward Fairfield and Eastern. Great excitement has set in among many residents, and they have the windows and doors of their houses. In the horse-rooms were all the ring animals, trained horses, ponies, etc.

A CAPTAIN'S STATEMENT.

It is reported that the captain of the Rosa Mary denies the statement that his vessel was in collision with the Scholten. He avows that the Rosa Mary was injured by collision with another vessel while lying at anchor.

Capt. Taat of the Scholten had only recently been appointed to the command of that vessel, succeeding Capt. Bonjer.

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"Faust" and "Marguerite."

(Bob in the New York Star.)

I think I never have told you, Dolly, that I regard amateur theatricals as the serpent in the paradise of home life today, but I am going to write you about something much pleasant and much more interesting—that is, Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. They are here. They are more than filling the bill. They are more than filling the bill.

But all in all, the gentle burro has not his equal among the beasts of the field. His lot is humble, and yet he has borne a God upon his back. His task is lowly and still so well performed that if we can make the same showing at the going down of our sun, he shall be well with us, notwithstanding what may be the dictum of stupid priest or high altar, or misinterpreted Book.

"Faust" and "Marguerite."

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As the river fell these even became a danger, for lying half or more than half hidden in the slime and ooze (on what is known as the "Nile mud") they would scatter his bray, and shortly come to harvest), he would jagged edges out many a naked foot. Above Halfa, however, "the careless Ethiopian," for so the prophet Ezekiel describes the people of the land, caring for only one thing, his crops, soon found a use for the beef tins. He would take one, and if there was not already a hole in the smaller end, he would make it. Then he would take some palm fiber and a piece of mid-rib of a palm branch, and knot them until he had the tin suspended.

Now he could find a long palm, and with a finer piece of palm fiber he would tie the stone in the middle and fix it about half way up in the can. Then he would take a great palm leaf and strip it of its leaflets. The larger end he would fix firmly in the ground about the middle of his ridge of grain, and from the smaller end he would hang the Chicaca tin, the weight whereof would bend the palm stem like a brass rod when a five-pounder is on the hook. The slightest breath of air would move the can to and fro; the stone would act as a clapper against the metal sides, and there was a complete, screaming, and suspicious appearance of which no bird would face.

But this was not the only end or service of the device. Field mice and vermin generally would give it a wide berth, and it was also found that more damaging animals still were kept away by it. A hippopotamus, landing on the cultivated bank, eats a great deal and destroys a hundred times as much as he eats. But no hippopotamus having any respect for himself was ever found to venture into a patch which was defended by a Chicaca can, the monotonous clangor of which, as it swayed in the prevalent northerly breeze, might well have affrighted a crocodile himself.

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Now he could find a

A NEW BABY IN GOTHAM.

Carlton Square Babies with Monopolists' Fathers and Caucasian Mothers. [New York Letter to Richmond Dispatch.] The other day I had just turned into the square and had passed Mott street when a commotion a short distance in advance attracted my attention. The heterogeneous mob of pedestrians were collecting about some moving object.

"Hurry up, Sally, let's see its face," shouted a very dirty girl of ten whose ruddy red and freckled face brushed against my arm. A dozen of the assorted babies on the block—some of them with faces double the age of their bodies—were making for the center of attraction, and I followed their example.

Can you guess what caused such a passing sensation—for nothing short of a fire causes more on the Bowery? One poor little Chinese baby of two celestial summers, who toddled along the walk with his tiny fist holding hard the hand of a Chinaman, whose native dress indicated that he was well-to-do. The little one was attired in a compromise between New York and China, with trousers and shirt and a faint turban of his head. A wonder, indeed, that face it was that gazed up steadily at the crowd, and accostedough endeavours to caress with all the serenity of a wooden image. Curious to know who the swell youthful heathen might be, I interrogated his guardian in my very best Chinese, and was informed that Tom Lee, famous as the only deputy sheriff of his race in New York, was the father.

Now, I know Tom, who is a clever fellow and opulent withal, and the proprietor of a pretentious grocery at the corner of Mott street and the Bowery. I knew, too, that there was a Mrs. Tom Lee, who is Chinaman, so I was prompted to account for the features of the boy, and determined to pay the lady an afternoon call at once and clear the matter up.

She happened to be visiting, it was informed, at the cigar store of a friend a few doors deeper into Chinatown. This shop, which was very neat, was decorated on one side with a Chinaman nursing a black eye on a soap box, and on the other with an ordinary cigar case. Behind the latter sat a rather pretty woman with German features, busily engaged in knitting and looking as neat and comfortable as she was quite impossible to address her without lifting my hat.

"I beg pardon, madam," said I, "but I'm looking for the wife of Tom Lee."

"No, you're looking at her, sir," was the smiling response.

"Indeed!" My evident admiration and the purchase of a 5-cent cigar for 15 cents placed me at once upon an easy and chatty footing, and I related to her the sensation caused by her youngster's afternoon promenade.

"Oh yes, she said, "they always follow him."

"But how is it that he has such Chinese features?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I have had four children since I married Tom, and all looked like their father. Two of them are dead."

"Does a Chinaman make a good husband?"

The little woman's answer was emphatic.

"Well, I wouldn't want to change my husband. He's always kind to me, and when I want a thing I have only to ask him and he gets it."

"The Chinaman women of New York married to Chinamen?"

"About fifty guess. You see, there are about 3000 Chinamen in the city, and only a few Chinese women. Babies? Oh, well, there are about 300 from mixed marriages, but all that I have seen have the features of the father. Of course you don't often see them on the street. Why? Because they draw a crowd, and it isn't pleasant for the Chinaman who has them in charge. You can find them down through this street, though, if you know where to look. Good-day, sir. If my bus still on the Bowery tell him to come home."

I couldn't help thinking as I strolled on, what new and strange conditions the progress of the Chinamen here has involved, and what a startling thing it would be if all these Chinese babies were simultaneously deposited in Madison Square. Yet here they live their daily lives among us and few of us are the wiser.

Kilima-Njaro Climbed at Last.

New York Standard. When the missionary Rebmann discovered, thirty-eight years ago, the giant among African mountains, he aroused the incredulity of English geographers by asserting that the great summit he had seen, about 200 miles south of the equator, was perpetually crowned by a mantle of snow. Several learned writers proved to their own satisfaction that Rebmann had drawn on his own imagination for his snow, and that in fact, he had, "an eager craving for wonders," and his testimony was "weak and obscure."

Thirteen years elapsed before Von der Decken, the Kilima-Njaro gazed upon the eternal snows of Kibo, of the two peaks of this king of African mountains, and rescued the fame of an humble explorer from the unjust aspersions of geographical theorists.

A cable dispatch from Zanzibar now announces that the ascent of Kibo, which baffled New and Johnston, has at last been achieved by Mr. Meyer, a German traveler, who has reached the crater of the loftier of Kilima-Njaro's twin peaks, and stood on the highest point of the African continent, about 19,500 feet above the sea.

In 1857 Mr. New reached the snow line, but was unable to advance further. Nearly ten years ago H. H. Johnston spent six months on Kilima-Njaro, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of London. He pushed through the clouds and snow-drifts to within nearly 2000 feet of the summit, and then relinquished the difficult task. If he had had with him an experienced mountaineer, or two or three trustworthy comrades, he might have reached the top. But his blacks were shivering around a fire 3000 feet below, and no inducement was he able to offer could tempt them above the snow line. He found plenty of danger among the snow-gaps and slippery ridges of the mountain-side, and, when alone, an accident meant almost certain death. His natives, not understanding the effect of rarified atmosphere, complained bitterly of pains in their heads and lungs, and earnestly assured him that they would never follow him again to scale a region.

This remarkable mountain, which is crowned with eternal winter, has palm trees and never-ending summer at its foot. Mr. New traced six distinct zones of vegetation on its gently sloping southern face. Bananas and maize, jungle and dense forest flourish in its lower altitudes. Thousands of natives on the richly tufted slopes, a height of 6000 feet, and ascend to heights of 20,000 feet to hunt the elephants and monkeys that clamber up the mountain sides almost to the snow line. In this rich field for the naturalist Johnston found several hitherto unknown

birds and about thirty species of plants that were unknown to science.

According to the agreement recently made between England and Germany Kilima-Njaro, which means Great Mountain, will be considered the German possession in East Africa. It will be very interesting to hear the story of Mr. Meyer's experiences as he toiled over the heather and among the snow-swept rocks above the temperate zone to the snow-line, and then made his painful way over the snows that whiten the upper three-quarters of a mile of Kilima-Njaro.

Worked Roses vs. Those on Their Own Roots.

[H. A. Siebrecht.]

This subject was well ventilated at the late convention in Chicago by able and experienced growers, and the tide certainly sets strongly in favor of roses on their own roots. In the case of roses under glass there may be an excuse to occasionally work varieties which are weak, but with hybrid perpetuals, for out-of-doors culture a root of some sort has been desired, and but little good accomplished by planting false-bottom roses. Indeed, so much disappointment has been experienced by amateurs from planting worked roses that, to my own knowledge, some who used to be anxious to secure all the new sorts have well nigh given up the idea of ever having a rose garden, and I consider the use of worked roses to be one cause of the scarcity of rose beds in this country; for I for one have sworn against them. We have such a large number of good sorts that do well on their own roots and which we can grow as cheaply in this country as we can in Europe.

DANZO QUICKLY TAUGHT BY PROFESSIONAL.

[Harry Shulman, Prince of the Banjo, formerly of San Francisco, Calif. Instructions given on the telephone.]

MISS F. J. SLADE, TEACHER OF French and Italian, Marlborough Hotel, Ellis Avenue.

Physicians.

DR. EDWIN F. RUSH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Late 100 State St., Chicago.)

EXTRAORDINARY SPECIALTY: THROAT AND EAR DISEASES.

OFFICE, California Bank Building, corner Second and Fort streets, Los Angeles.

DR. H. J. DAIVISSON, OFFICE, 325 S. Spring St. Telephone No. 982. Residence 1812 S. Main St. San Francisco.

DR. BENNETT, OFFICE, 364 SOUTH Spring street.

Specialists.

DR. Y. D. HARRINGTON MAKES A specialty of vernal and rectal diseases, having engaged in the regular practice of medicine and surgery for many years. He is a man yet who boards at a hotel and pays \$15 a day for his rooms, \$7 a day for cigars and proportionately large sums for food and wine, and he imagines that he is economical.

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FARM AND RANGE.

Cleveland Bays, Clydesdales and Shire Stallions for America.
In noting a recent exportation of fine horses to America the London Live Stock Journal says:

"Nevers Stericker, Baron of Springfield, U.S.A., has just disposed of another shire of Cleveland Bay, Clydesdale and Shire stallions and mares, on the steamer Lake Superior; these horses have all been selected by Frank Stericker, the resident Englishman of the firm, and are fine specimens of the various breeds, many of them being prize-winners. Notably among the Cleveland Bays are Barrington, 3 years old, by Prince of Cleveland 647, dam Lilt 204, by Prince Flora 254, thin stallion, with a very good top, and is a very fine specimen of his class; Napoleon 754, by Luck's All 180, another 2-year-old, thin stallion, 53%, and the best horse in several, dear, chestnut, on color and winner of several prizes, including the second prize and silver medal at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, in June last, and is as fine a specimen as ever crossed the Atlantic. He is now doing well here, and at some of the fall shows over the water. Bonanza, two years, at General 354, dam by Field Marshal 161. This colt stands sixteen hands, on short legs, with good action, and his color and quality are excellent. St. Oswald, by General 154, another thick, wide, short-legged 2-year-old, with lots of bone and a wonderfully fine mover. Auctioneer, another 2-year-old, by General 147, dam by General 152. This colt is a colt with bone and is a fine bay, with the best of legs and feet. The other 2-year-olds are as such horses as Competitor, Golden Hero, etc. Among the stallions are Cleopatra, by General 154, by Paragon 150, a good standing 2-year-old, with short legs, with plenty of bone and lots of quality. Sunbeam, 4 years old, by Salesman 417, dam by Luck's All 187. All 187, a mare standing 16 hands and a wonderful fine mover. Bonanza, 2 years old, by General 354, a 6-year-old bay, winner of the third prize at Tunbridge Wells in 1885, and third prize at the Bath and West of England at Maidstone, in 1884, and highly recommended by the Royal Queen's Society. Guiford the same year; Lady Stamford, 2 years old, by The Chief 827, a son of Prince of Wales, dam Stamford, Bonny 2393, by Hamilton, Jock 1151; Lady Kellburn, another 2-year-old; Lady Kellburn, another 2-year-old, by Lord Clyde 1365. Among the Shires are Sir William, a 3-year-old, dark brown, a very thick, wide, short-legged horse by Drayman 399, dam by William 150, by General 345. Queen Mary, a 5-year-old, by King of Texas 314, who won the first prize at the London show in 1884, out of the prize-winning mare Guiding Star, by Lincoln 1354. Castern Bay 493, a black 2-year-old, by Merry Monarch 1354, dam by General 154, by Great Horse 983, dam by Hornbeam 2449; a good 2-year-old, brown, by Tom 4117, out of a mare by Don Carlos 3416; and one or two others make a very choice consignment, and will be a valuable addition to the Springfield stud."

How to Handle Prunes.

The prune d'ente should never be picked down from the tree, or shaken down, unless perfectly ripe, and never put to dry before being packed, as it will lose its great secret for obtaining sweet, pulpy prunes with a jet-black color, as are the best French dried prunes. But here I understand that the fruit is often gathered green, and on the right side of the stem, in that state of unripeness. This method may be expedient and cheap, but it is certainly wrong. Let our prune-growers well remember that the beautiful black color of the French prunes, and the delicious pulpiness of them, is due to the complete maturity of the fruit. In regard to the flattening of prunes, which are used on the top of boxes or the side of glass jars, fingers are no more used for that work. For years the French have been using cylinders coated with wax, which flatten the prunes so that they do the work so much quicker and neater. Pressing prunes in boxes and barrels with the pruner has also been done away with, as much as possible, and the pasteboard boxes, zinc canisters, glass jars and the like, the prunes, just before packing, are put at a temperature of 120 degrees centigrade and sealed up tight at once. So that the prunes keep well, and can be exported to warm as well as temperate cold countries. More than a hundred vessels leave Bordeaux every year loaded with the precious merchandise from the soil, and the countries of France, England, Holland, Germany, Russia, and more particularly the United States. The prune merchants in Agen and Bordeaux have their own way preserving and packing the prunes, which are kept well, so that at any of those secret and personal ways of preserving and packing the prune, without having to cook it as hard as a Sacramento prune.

Bee Sugar.

(San Francisco Post.)
Claus Spreckels' bee sugar project is rapidly assuming definite form. Early next spring he will be in Europe, before proceeding to America, to settle the details of their first establishment will be settled and the details of their plan of action adopted. Already Mr. Spreckels has engaged the general plan, and it is expected that one large plant will be in operation before next autumn.

The beet sugar project is one of the largest which Spreckels has been identified with. In the spring, before proceeding to Europe, he distributed large quantities of seed among the farmers and gardeners throughout the State. While on the continent he purchased a portion of the machinery which will be necessary for the production, and the sugar will be manufactured in America. The first consignment will arrive in this city in the month of January, and altogether about 100 carloads will be brought across the Pacific. The plan is to have a plant in a year, and its capacity will be forty tons per day. As the season lasts about four months the annual production of raw sugar will be about 5000 tons.

Money in Olives.

(Stockton Independent.)
H. H. Moore, the well-known Main street druggist has purchased 160 acres of chaparral rolling land in Calaveras county, situated between the towns of Bear and Mokelumne. In this fall sixty acres in young olive trees and olive cuttings. The young trees cost from \$80 to \$100 per thousand, and it will require about 1000 of them to plant an acre. In four years they will be bearing, and each tree will yield from twenty to thirty gallons of olives, which will produce from five to seven gallons of oil.

Mr. Moore has been paying Elwood Cooper of Santa Barbara from \$10 to \$15 a month for services of the first kind for medicinal use, and he believes that he can make money by manufacturing his own oil and selling the surplus. Mr. Cooper became a millionaire in less than ten years out of the profits of his 1300 acres of olives. Mr. Moore paid \$11 an acre for his land.

Nicolini's Life of Patti.

(Evening Post.)
Sig. Nicolini is reported to be engaged in writing the memoirs of Adelina Patti. He has said to express his desire that the immortalized historian, and to do full justice to the Marquis de Caux, Patti's first husband, whom he calls a "gentleman of the first water, with all the virtues and weaknesses of such a one." According to a journalist, he is committed to set out from the work. Nicolini writes as follows of the married life of Patti and the marquis: "That the union was an unhappy one is largely Adelina Patti's fault. Other artists who marry aristocrats continue to play court to their private life, and amuse themselves with representative princesses, countesses and baronesses. Adelina Patti, however, is even off the stage the warm-blooded creature she is on it, and could therefore never become used to her mate."

How Thieves Get Their Information.
(Chicago Journal.)
Two or three neighbors happening to sit on a bench on the street sat on the morning train to their offices, one remarked to the other that he should be bothered all day because he had left his watch under his pillow. Then they naturally fell into a conversation as to how they disposed of their valuables at night. At the next street corner a man got off, went back to

the house of the owner of the watch, whom he knew by sight and reputation, and represented himself to the lady of the house for his watch left under his pillow. She, finding him to be the thief, who ran no risk whatever of detection, and deliberately walked away with his body. Another case with a similar result occurred to a man, with ascendancy on the elevator of one of our largest dry-goods stores, suddenly discovered that she had left her silver portmanteau at some counter. A cash-boy was in the elevator going up to the top floor to get the money, and said, "I saw her go out of the desk. It was just a moment or so too late. I have just given that purse to a woman who described it accurately," said the lady's friend. Thereupon the lady described the purse, its contents and its inscription. The boy left the goods he was carrying at their destination, received a return train ticket, and said, "I will go to the desk. It was just a moment or so too late. I have just given that purse to a woman who described it accurately," said the clerk at the desk. The owner of the purse should have bethought herself she had in the elevator.

Into Books and Chapters.

There are certain mysteries or secrets in all trades, from the highest to the lowest, from the art of printing to the art of authoring, which are seldom discovered, unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by my gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take pleasure of dividing our printed books and chapters into two parts of the least considerable. Now for want of being truly acquainted with this art of dividing we mean to swell our wits with the same, and to add to a man's knowledge of his book, and to a woman's of her chapter, we have added to the bottom of our first page and of his last.

But in reality the case is otherwise, and in this as well as in other instances, we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own. We have, however, made a few changes in this model, for first those little spaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or resting place where he may stop and take a glass, or any other refreshment.

Secondly, when are the contents prefixed to every chapter but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns, informing what entertainment it is to expect, while to a man, he may travel on the next?

Origin of the Word "Book."

(London Modern Society.)
The word "book," which is to be banished from all patriotic French bills of fare because of its German origin, has a curious derivation. It was at Munster that it first came into vogue, during Louis' eccentric reign, and the sway of that notorious courtesan, Lola Montez, over the doings of the Bavarian court. The King had a favorite brother, a dark brown, a very thick, wide, short-legged 2-year-old, with lots of bone and a wonderfully fine mover. Auctioneer, another 2-year-old, by General 147, dam by General 152. This colt stands sixteen hands, on short legs, with good action, and his color and quality are excellent. St. Oswald, by General 154, another thick, wide, short-legged 2-year-old, with lots of bone and a wonderfully fine mover. Auctioneer, another 2-year-old, by General 147, dam by General 152. This colt stands sixteen hands, on short legs, with good action, and his color and quality are excellent. 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